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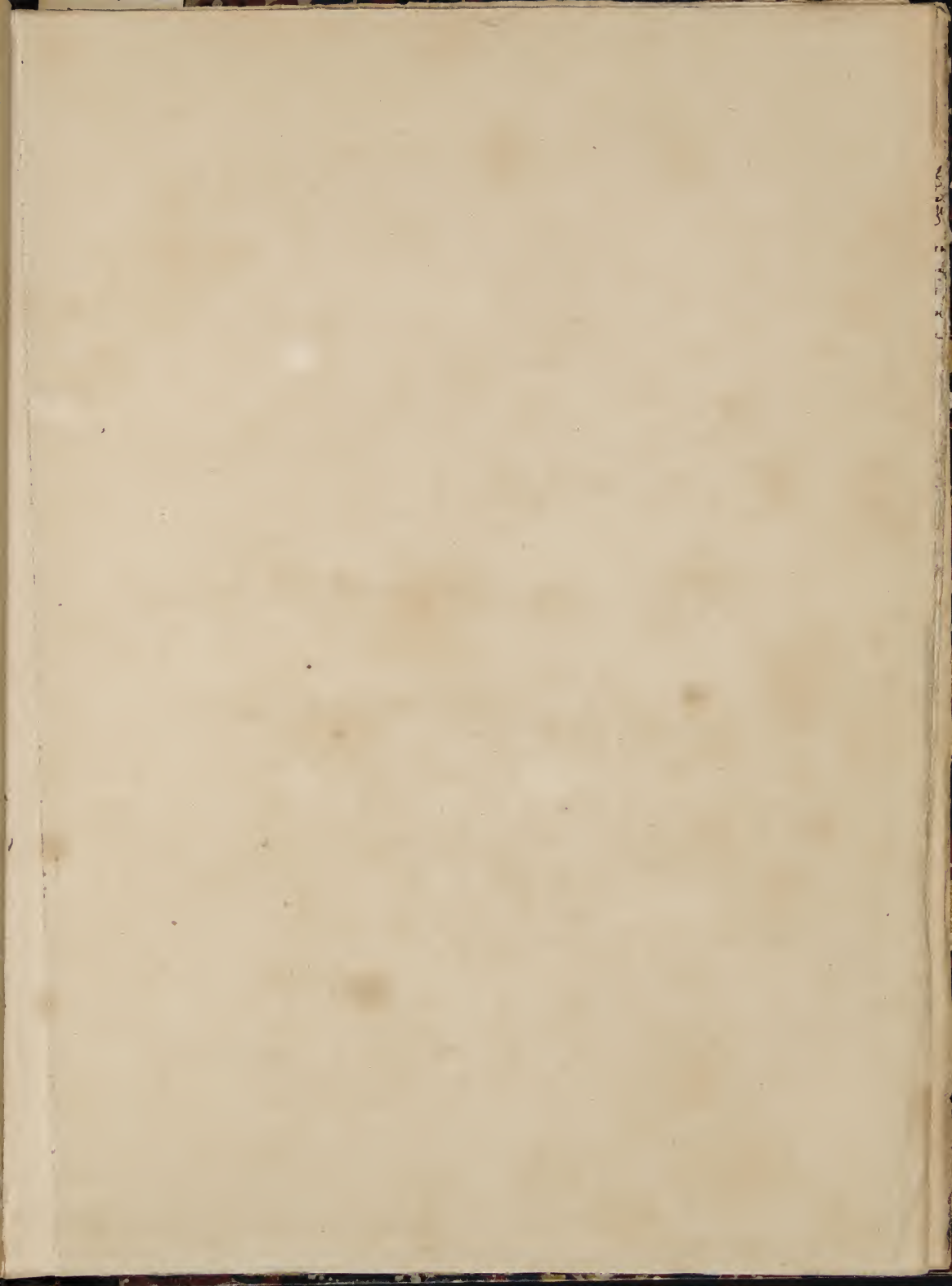


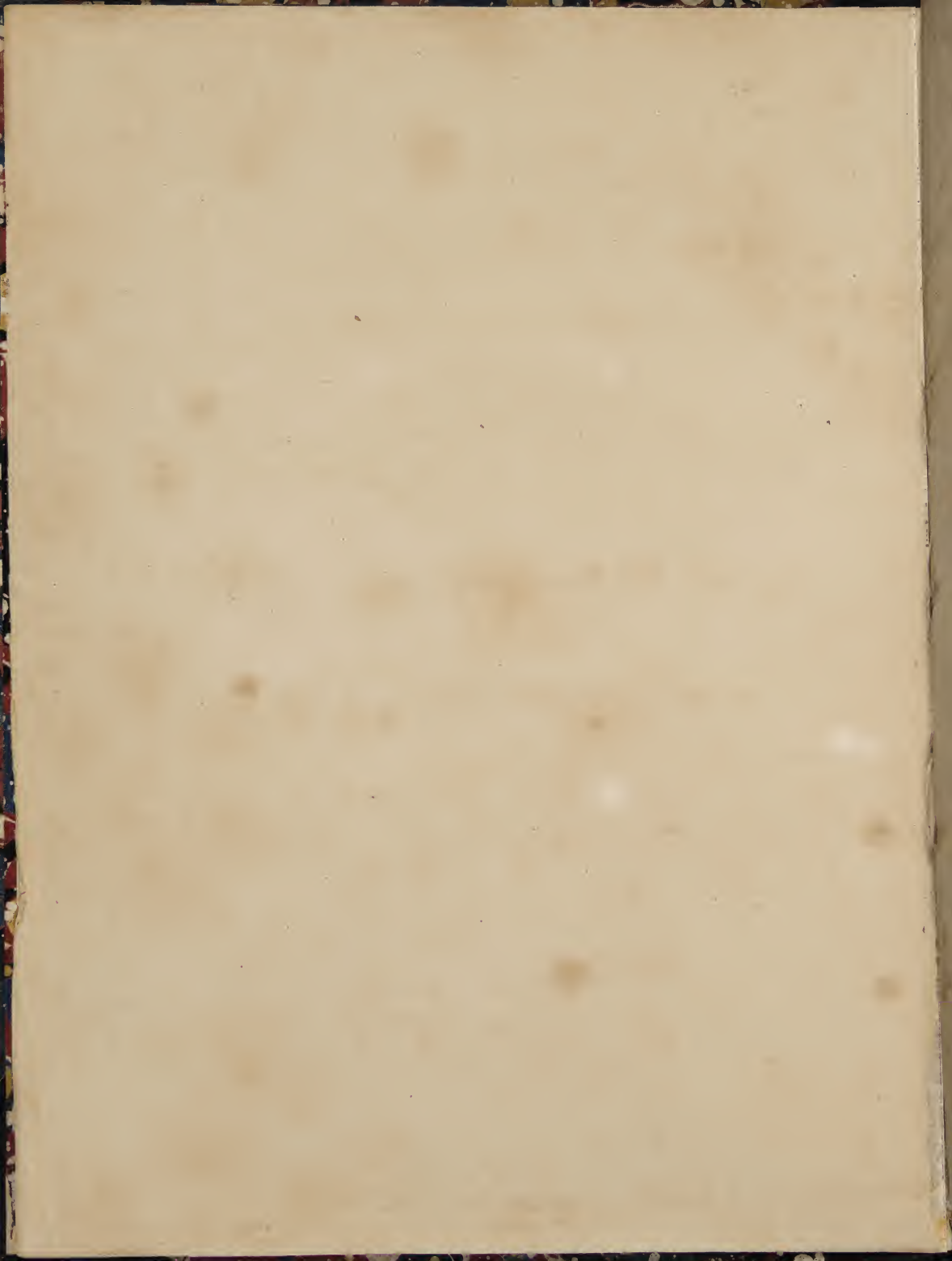
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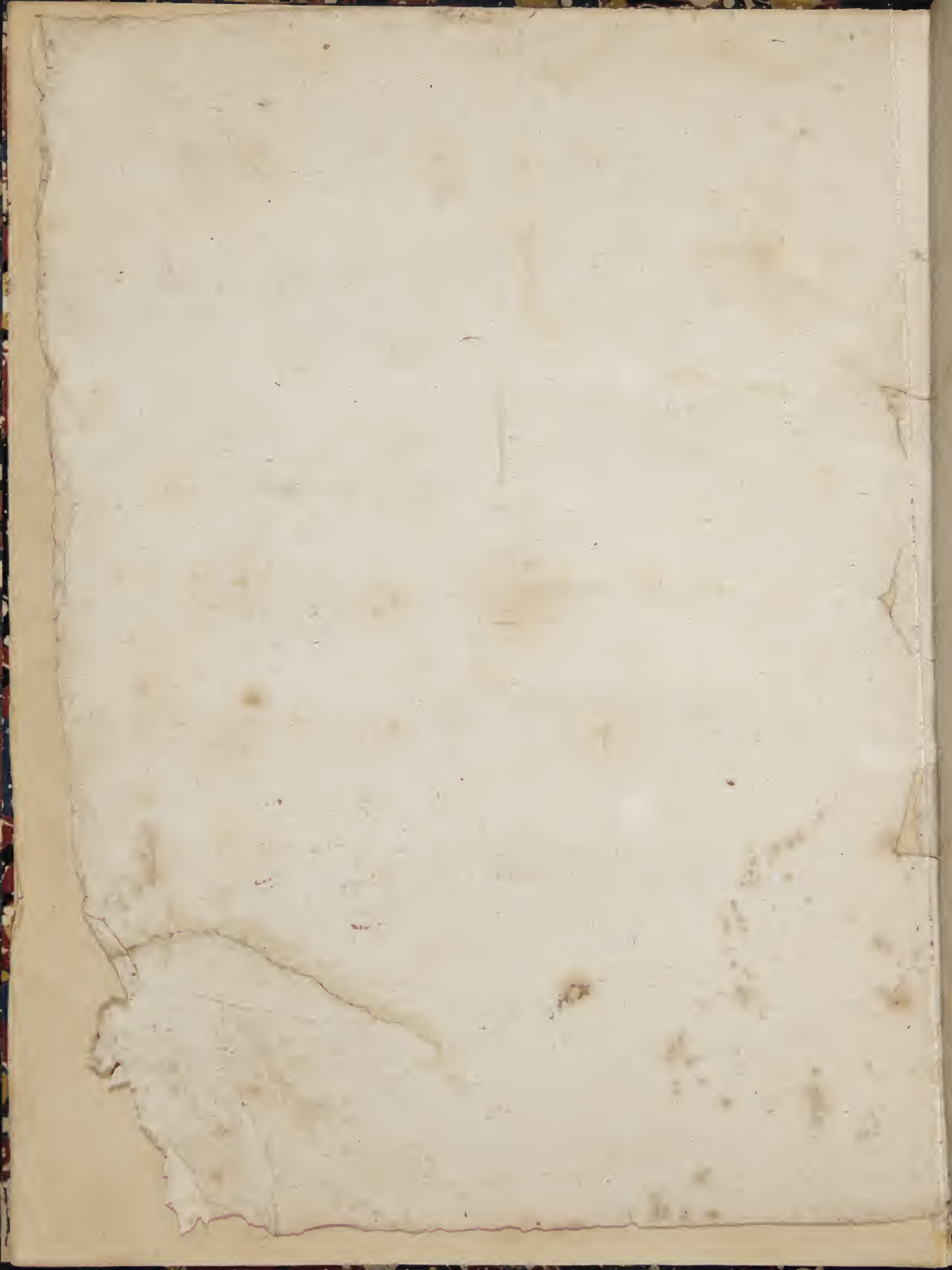
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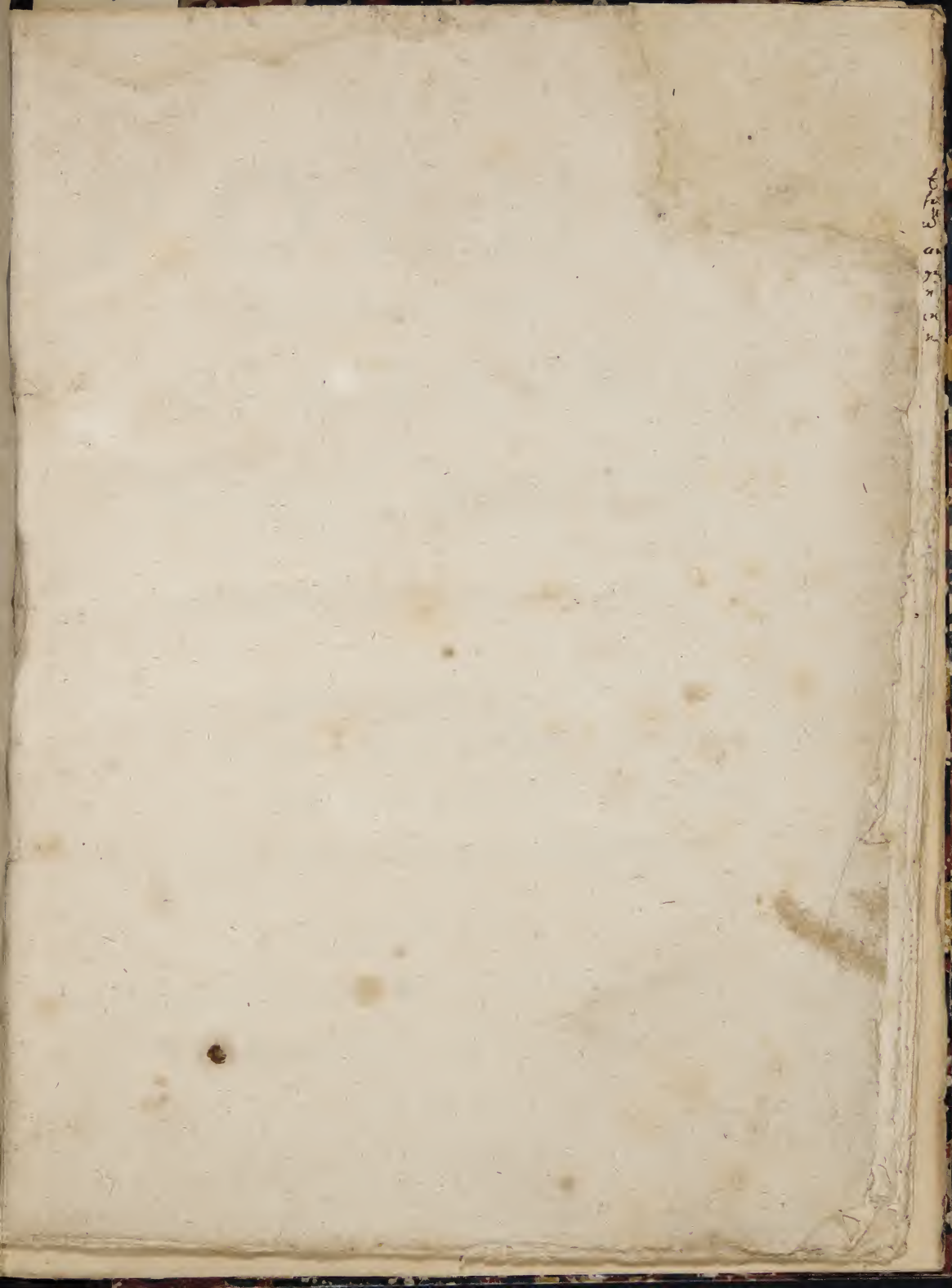
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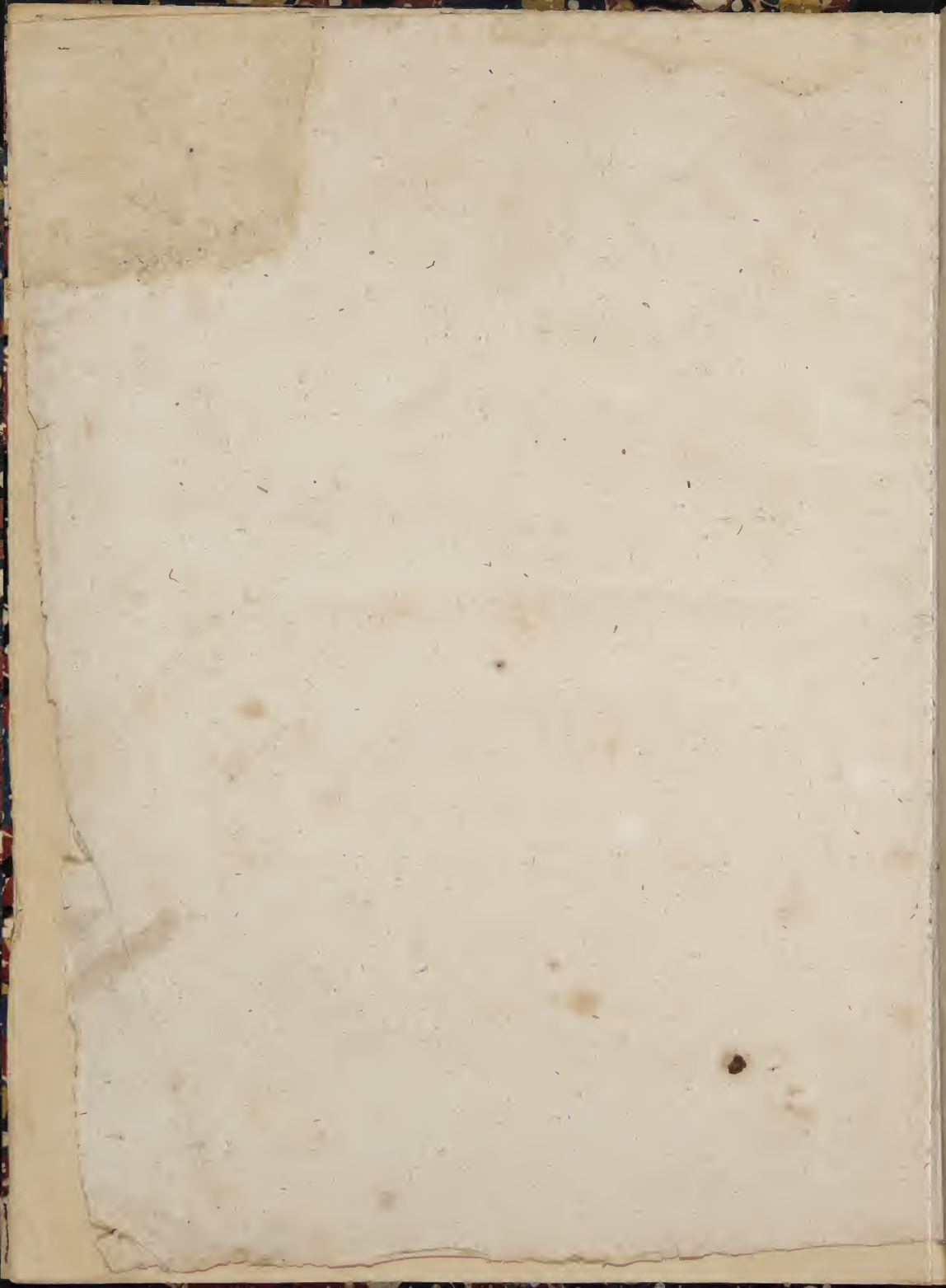
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THREE  
P O E M S

Upon the Death of the Late

U S U R P E R  
Oliver Cromwel.

---

Written

By { Mr. JO. DRYDEN. *That Apollo now poet laureate*  
Mr. SPRAT, of Oxford. *now Bishop of Rochester*  
Mr. EDM. WALLER. *Secretary*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed by *William Wilson*, in the Year, 1659.

And Reprinted for R. Baldwin, 1682.

*Cove H. 19*

THE

POEMS

USURPER

Oliver Cromwell

By  
MR. J. H. BARNES  
MR. J. H. BARNES  
MR. J. H. BARNES

LONDON:

Printed by William Wilson, in the Year 1869.

And Reprinted for R. Baskin, 1872.



## HEROIQUE STANZA'S,

On the Late

USURPER  
Oliver Cromwel.*Written after his FUNERAL.*

**A**Nd now 'tis time for their Officious haſt,  
 Who would before have born him to the Sky;  
 Like eager Romans, e're all Rites were paſt,  
 Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

( 2 )

Though our beſt notes are treaſon to his fame,  
 Joyn'd with the loud applauſe of publick voice;  
 Since Heav'n, what praiſe we offer to his name,  
 Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

( 3 )

Though in his praiſe no Arts can liberal be,  
 Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,  
 Add not to his Immortal Memory,  
 But do an Act of frienſhip to their own.

( 4 )

Yet 'tis our duty and our intereſt too,  
 Such Monuments as we can build to raiſe;

A 2

Left

Left all the World prevent what we should do,  
And claim a *Title* in him by their Praise.

( 5 )

How shall I then begin or where conclude,  
To draw a *Fame* so truly *Circular* ?  
For in a round what order can be shew'd,  
Where all the parts so *equal* perfect are ?

( 6 )

His *Grandeur* he deriv'd from Heaven alone,  
For he was Great e're Fortune made him so ;  
And Wars, like mists that rise against the Sun,  
Made him but greater seem not greater grow.

( 7 )

No borrowed Bays his *Temples* did adorn,  
But to our *Crown* he did fresh *Jewels* bring.  
Nor was his Vertue poysoned soon as born  
With the two early thoughts of being King.

( 8 )

Fortune ( that easie Mistress of the young,  
But to her ancient servants coy and hard )  
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among  
When she her best-lov'd *Pompey* did discard.

( 9 )

He, private, mark'd the faults of others sway,  
And set as *Sea marks* for himself to shun ;  
Not like rash *Monarchs* who their outh betray  
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

( 10 )

And yet *Dominion* was not his design,  
We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven,  
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did joyn,  
Rewards that less to him than us were given.



( 3 )

( 11 )

Our former Cheifs like sticklers of the War,  
First fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poise ;  
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor,  
And did not strike to hurt but make a noise,

( 12 )

War our consumption was their gainful trade,  
VVe inward bled whilst they prolong'd our pain :  
He fought to end our fighting, and assaid  
To stanch the Blood by breathing of the vein.

( 13 )

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,  
Like that bold *Greek* who did the East subdue ;  
And made to Battels such Heroick haft  
As if on wings of Victory he flew

he means  
King murder  
in another blaw  
from he calls it  
the Busy vein

( 14 )

He fought secure of fortune as of fame,  
Till by *new Maps* the Island might be shown,  
Of Conquests which he strew'd where e're he came,  
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

( 15 )

His *Palms* though under weights they did not stand,  
Still thriv'd ; no *Winter* could his *Laurels* fade ;  
Heav'n in his Portraict shew'd a VVorkman's hand  
And drew it perfect yet without a shade.

( 16 )

Peace was the Prize of all his toyls and care,  
VWhich VVar had banish't, and did now restore ;  
*Bologna's* VVall thus mounted in the Air,  
To Seat themselves more surely than before.

( 17 )

Her safty rescued, *Ireland* to him owes,  
And Treacherous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,

now .ps

Yet

Yet blest that fate which did his Arms dispose;  
Her Land to Civilize asto subdue.

Nor was he like those *Stars* which only shine,  
When to pale *Mariners* they storms portend,  
He had his calmer influence; and his Mine  
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

'Tis true his Count'nance did imprint an awe,  
And naturally all Souls to his did bow;  
As *Wands* of *Divination* downward draw,  
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

When past all offerings to *Feretrian Jove*  
He Mars despos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield,  
Successful Councils did him soon approve  
As fit for close *Intrigues*, as open field.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,  
Our once bold Rival in the *British Main*,  
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,  
And buy our Friendship with her Idol gain.

Fame of th' asserted Sea through *Europe* blown  
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;  
Each knew that side must conquer he would own,  
And for him fiercely as for Empire strove.

No sooner was the *French-mans* cause embrac'd  
Than the light *Mounfire* the grave *Don* outweigh'd,  
His fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,  
Though *Indian Mines* were in the other laid.



( 5 )

( 24 )

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right ;  
For though some meaner Artist's Skill were shown,  
In mingling colours, or in placing light,  
Yet still the *fair designment* was his own.

( 25 )

For from all tempers he could service draw ;  
The worth of each with its allay he knew ;  
And as the *Confident* of *Nature*, saw  
How she Complexions did divide and brew,

( 26 )

Or he their single virtues did survey  
By *intuition* in his own large Breast,  
Where all the rich *Ideas* of them lay,  
That were the Rule and measure to the rest.

( 27 )

When such *Heroique Vertue* Heaven sets out,  
The Stars like *Commons* sullenly obey ;  
Because it drains them when it comes about,  
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

( 28 )

From this high-spring our foreign Conquests flow,  
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend,  
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,  
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

( 29 )

He made us *Freemen* of the *Continent*  
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before,  
To nobler prey's the *English Lyon* sent,  
And taught him first in *Belgian walks* to rore.

( 30 )

That old unquestioned Pirate of the Land,  
Proud *Rome*, with dread, the fate of *Dunkirk* hard ;

B

And

( 6. )

And trembling with't behind more *Alpes* to stand,  
Although an *Alexander* were her guard.

( 31. )

By his command we boldly crost the Line,  
And bravely fought where *Southern Stars* arise,  
We trac'd the far fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,  
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our prize.

( 32. )

Such was our Prince ; yet own'd a Soul above.  
The highest Acts it could produce to show :  
Thus poor *Mechanique Arts* in publick move  
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond practice go.

( 33. )

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went less,  
But when fresh Lawrels courted him to live ;  
He seem'd but to prevent some new success ;  
As if above what triumphs Earth can give.

( 34. )

His latest Victories still thickest came,  
As, near the *Center*, *Motion* does increase ;  
Till he press'd down by his own weighty name,  
Did, like the *Vestal*, under Spoils de cease.

( 35. )

But first the *Ocean* as a tribute sent  
That Giant *Prince* of all her watery Heard,  
And th' *Isle* when her *Protecting Genius* went  
Upon his *Obsequies* loud sighs confer'd.

( 36. )

No Civil broyls have since his death arose,  
But *Faction* now by habit does obey :  
And *Wars* have that respect for his repose,  
As *Winds* for *Halcyons* when they breed at Sea.



His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,  
His Name a great example stands to show  
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,  
Where *Piety* and *Valour* joyntly go.

under Tyburn —

Postscript of a Will:

The printing of these Rhimes Afflicts me more  
Than all the drubs I in Rose-Alley bore: \* when he was well  
Swing'd.  
This shews my nauseous & mercenary pen  
Woud praise the vilest, & the worst of Men. \* s: too: L'Eschange  
A Rogue like Hodge am I, the world will know it,  
Hodge was his Fiddler, & I John his poet.

三

TO

This may prevent the pay for which I write;  
For I for pay against my Conscience fight.  
I must Confess to Infamous a Knaves  
Can do no Service, tho' the humblest Slave  
Villains I praise, & Patriots accuse,  
My Pailing & my sawing Talents use;  
Just as they pay I flatter, or abuse.

But I to Men in power a Turd am still,  
To rub on any honest Face they will.  
Then on I'll go, for Libels I declare  
Best Friends no more than worth of Fear  
And all this I can do, because I dare;  
He who writes on Y Budget can I fire  
And knowing heel he beats on still writes on, am I.

(2)

(1)

For Had with the King of the

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To the Reverend

Dr. WILKINS

WARDEN

OF

WADHAM COLLEGE

IN

OXFORD.

*The only blot of  
this excellent paper  
was his Murrin, which  
the first of the paper  
that he did it for a year  
and, he preserved it in  
blue, which the paper  
has, laboured to ruin  
itself.*

SIR,

**S**eeing you are pleas'd to think fit that these Papers  
should come into the publick, which were at first de-  
sign'd to live only in a Desk, or some private friends  
hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them  
to the Security which your name and protection will  
give them with the most knowing part of the world. There  
are two things especially in which they stand in need of your  
defence. One is, that they fall so infinitely below the full  
and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way  
of writing free of our Nation: The other, that they are so  
little proportion'd and equal to the renown of that Prince  
on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives  
deserving rather to be the Subjects of the Noblest Pens. and  
most

*A Copy.*

most Divine Phanfies, than of such small beginners and weak essayers in Poetry, as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other shield than the universal Esteem and Authority, which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only upon the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the General favour which all Arts receive from you; but more peculiarly by reason of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your service. For, having been a long time the object of your care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my studies and fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own hands, and form'd under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meaness produces, would not only be injustice, but sacrilege. So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, and which deserves Pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted and

Obliged Servant.

SIR,

TO



---

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TO THE  
MEMORY

Of the Late  
USURPER  
Oliver Cromwel

*Pindarick Odes.*

( I )

'T Is true, Great Name thou art secure  
From the forgetfulness and Rage  
Of Death or Envy, or devouring Age.  
Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure.  
Thy Fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,  
Will of it self turn whiter too  
Without what needles Art can do;  
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy Hearse,  
Though it were never heard or sung in verse.  
Without our help, thy Memory is safe ;  
They only want an Epitaph,

That

That does remain alone  
Alive in an Inscription

Remembred only on the Brass or Marble Stone.

'Tis all in vain what we for thee can do,  
All our Roses and Perfumes  
Will but officious folly shew,  
And pious Nothings to such mighty Tombs.  
All our Incence, Gums and Balm  
Are but unnecessary duties here:  
The Poets may their spices spare  
Their costly Numbers and their tuneful feet:  
That need not be inbalm'd, which of it self is sweet.

( 2 )

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof  
Of our Obedience and our Love:  
For when the Sun and Fire meet,  
Th' ones extinguish't quite;  
And yet the other never is more bright.  
So they that writ of Thee and joyn  
Their feeble names With Thine,  
Their weaker sparks with thy Illustrious light,  
Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought,  
And yet no Flame to thee from them be brought.  
We know, blest Spirit, thy mighty name  
Wants not Addition of another's Beam;  
It's for our Pens too high and full of Theam.  
The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them.  
Thy Fames eternal Lamp will live  
And in thy Sacred Urn survive,  
Without the food or Oyl, which we can give.  
'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our Songs  
Duty Commands our Tongues,  
Though



Though thou want not our praises, we  
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee:  
 For so men from Religion are not freed.  
 But, from the Altars, Cloud must rise,  
 Though Heaven it self doth nothing need;  
 And though the Gods don't want, an Earthly Sacrifice.

Great life of Wonders, whose each year  
 Full of new Miracles did appear!  
 Whose every Month might be,  
 Alone a Chronicle or a History!  
 Others great Actions are  
 But thinly scatter'd here and there;  
 At best, all but one single Star:  
 But thine the Milky way,  
 All one continued light, and undistinguish't day.  
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,  
 Scarce any common Sky did come between.  
 What shall I say, or where begin?  
 Thou mayest in double Shapes be shown;  
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown.  
 Like *Jove* sometime with Warlike Thunder, and  
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in thy hand,  
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne;  
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done.  
 All that thou didst was so refin'd,  
 So full of Substance, and so strongly joy'n'd;  
 So pure, so weighty Gold,  
 That the least grain of it,  
 If fully spread and beat,  
 Would many leaves, and mighty volumes hold.

Before thy name was publish't, and whilst yet  
     Thou only to thy self wert great ;  
     Whilst yet thy happy Bud  
     Was not quite seen, or understood ;  
 It then sure signs of future greatness shew'd ;  
     Then thy domestick worth  
     Did tell the World, what it would be  
     When it should fit occasion see,  
 When a full Spring should call it forth.  
     As bodies, in the Dark and Night,  
 Have the same Colours, the same Red and VVhite,  
     As in the open day and Light ;  
     The Sun doth only show  
 That they are bright, not make them so :  
     So whilst, but private Walls did know  
     What we to such a Mighty mind should owe :  
     Then the same vertues did appear  
     Though in a less, and more Contracted Sphear ;  
 As full, though not as large as since they were.  
     And like great Rivers, Fountains, though  
     At first so deep, thou didst not go ;  
     Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a flood  
 Yet when 'twas Little, 'twas as clear as good.

'Tis true, thou wast not born unto a Crown,  
     The Scepter's not thy Fathers, but thy own.  
     Thy Purple was not made at once in haste,  
     But after many other colours past,  
     It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.

Thou



Thou didst begin with lesser Cares  
 And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:  
 Those hands which were ordain'd by Fates  
 To change the World, and alter States,  
 Practic'd, at first, that vast design  
 On meaner things, with equal mind.  
 That Soul, which should so many Scepters sway,  
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,  
 Learn'd first to rule in a Domestick way :  
 So Government, it self began  
 From Family, and single Man,  
 Was by the small relations first  
 Of Husband and of Father nurst  
 And from those less beginnings past,  
 To spread it self, o're all the World at last,

But when thy Country ( then almost enthrall'd )  
 Thy Vertues and thy Courage call'd,  
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat  
 And t'had been sin in thee, not to be great ;  
 When every Stream, and every Flood,  
 Was a true vein of Earth, and ran with blood,  
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War,  
 Fill'd every place , and every Ear ;  
 When the great Storms and dismal Night  
 Did all the Land afright ;  
 'Twas time for thee, to bring forth all our Light.  
 Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace  
 Thy Private life and better ease ;  
 Then down thy Steel and Armor took ,  
 Wishing that it still hung upon the hook ;

When death had got a large Commission out  
 Throwing her Arrows and her Stings about ;  
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)  
 Was't lifted up, not for thy self but us.

Thy Country wounded 'twas, and sick before,  
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore :  
 Thou knew'st where the disease did lye  
 And like the Cure of Simpathy,  
 Thy strong and certain Remedy  
 Unto the Weapon didst apply,  
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so  
 Away the Scabbard throw ;  
 As if thy Country shou'd  
 Be the inheritance of Mars and Blood ;  
 But that when the great work was spun  
 War in it self should be undone :  
 That Peace might land again upon the shore  
 Richer and better than before.  
 The Husbandman no Steel should know  
 None but the useful Iron of the Plow ;  
 That bays might creep on every Spear.  
 And though our Sky was over-spread  
 With a destructive Red,  
 'Twas but till thou, our Sun, didst in full light appear

When *Ajax* dyed, the Purple Blood  
 That from his Gaping Wounds had flow'd  
 Turn'd into Letters, every Leaf  
 Had on it writ his Epitaph :



So from that Crimson Flood  
 Which thou by fate of times wert led  
 Unwillingly to Shed  
 Letters and Learning rose, and were renew'd.  
 Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope or Hate,  
 But to refine the Church and State ;  
 And like the Romans, what er'e thou  
 In the Field of Mars didst mow,  
 Was, that a holy Island thence might grow.  
 Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shour  
 Which Welc ome louds do pour ;  
 Though they at first may seem  
 To carry all away, with and enraged Stream  
 Yet did not happen, that they might destroy  
 Or the better parts annoy ;  
 But all the filth and Mud to scower  
 And leave behind a Richer Slime,  
 To give a birth to a more happy power.

In Field unconquer'd, and so well  
 Thou didst in Battels, and in Arms excel,  
 That Steelly Arms themselves might be  
 Worn out in War as soon as thee.  
 Success so close upon thy Troops did wait,  
 As if thou first hadst conquered Fate;  
 As if uncertain Victory  
 Had been first overcome by thee ;  
 As if her wings were clipt and could not flee,  
 Whilst thou didst only serve,  
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.  
 Others by thee did great things do,  
 Triumph'st thy self and mad'st them Triumph too :  
 Though.

Though they above thee did appear,  
 As yet in a more large and higher sphere,  
 Thou the Great Sun, gav'st light to every Star.  
 Thy self an Army wert alone,  
 And mighty Troops contain'dst in one :  
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land  
 Like that which flaming in the Angels hand  
 From Men God's Garden did defend :  
 But yet thy Sword did more than his,  
 Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,  
 Not for a Scepter or a Crown,  
 Or Ermyne, Purple or the Throne ;  
 But as the Vestal heat  
 Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.  
 Religion putting on thy shield  
 Brought thee Victorious to the Field :  
 Thy Arms like those which ancient Hero's wore  
 Were given by the God thou didst adore :  
 And all the Swords, thy Armies had  
 Were on an Heavenly Anvil made.  
 Not Int'rest, or any weak desire  
 Of Rule, or Empire, did thy mind inspire :  
 Thy valour like the holy Fire,  
 Which did before the Persian Armies go,  
 Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too.  
 Thy mighty Sword anticipates  
 What was reserv'd for Heaven, and those blest Seats  
 And makes the Church triumphant here below.



Though Fortune did not hang on thy Sword,  
 And did obey thy mighty word ;  
 Though Fortune for thy side, and thee,  
 Forgot her lov'd Inconstancy ;  
 Amidst thy Arms and Trophies Thou  
 Wert Valiant, and Gentle too ;  
 Wounded'st thy self, when thou didst kill thy Foe.  
 Like Steel, when it much work hath past  
 That which was rough doth shine at last ;  
 Thy Arms by being oftner us'd, did smother grow ;  
 Nor did thy Battels make thee proud or high ;  
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State not thee :  
 Thou overcame'st thy self in every Victory.  
 As when the Sun in a directer line  
 Upon a Polish'd Golden Shield doth shine,  
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light ;  
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight,  
 When thy propitious God had lent  
 Success and Victory to thy Tent ;  
 To Heaven again the Victory was sent.

*England*, till thou didst come,  
 Confin'd her Valour home ;  
 Then our own Rocks did stand  
 Bounds to our Fame as well as Land ;  
 And were to us as well  
 As to our Enemies unpassable :  
 We were asham'd, at what we read ;  
 And blush't at what our Fathers did ;  
 Because

Because we came so far behind the dead.  
 The British Lyon hung his Main and droopt,  
 To slavery and burthens stoopt,  
 With a degenerate sleep, and Fear  
 Lay in his Den and languish't there;  
 At whose least voice before  
 A trembling Eccho ran through every Shore,  
 And shook the World at every Rore.  
 Thou his subdued Courage didst restore,  
 Sharpen his Claws, and in his Eyes  
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise;  
 Mad'st him again afright the neighbouring Floods  
 His mighty Thunder sound through all the woods.  
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd  
 Which was lost, or Clouded seem'd,  
 Nay more, Heaven did by thee bestow  
 On us at once an Iron Age, and Happy too.

Till thou Command'st, that Azure Chains of Waves  
 Which Nature round about us sent  
 Made us to every Pirate slaves,  
 Was rather burden than an Ornament.  
 Those fields of Sea that wash't our shores  
 Were plow'd and reap'd, by other hands than ours.  
 To us the Liquid Mass  
 Which doth about us run  
 As it is to the Sun,  
 Only a Bed to sleep in was.  
 And not, as now, a powerful throne  
 To shake and sway, the World Thereon.  
 Our Princes in their hand a Globe did shew,  
 But not a perfect one

Composed



Compos'd of Earth and Water too.  
 But thy Command the Floods obey'd ;  
 Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd ;  
 Thou didst but only Wed the Sea  
 Not make her equal, but a slave to thee.  
*Neptune* himself did bear thy Yoke,  
 Stooped and trembled at thy Stroke :  
 He that ruled all the Main  
 Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign.  
 And now the Conquer'd Sea doth pay,  
 More Tribute to thy Thames; than that unto the Sea.

Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt ;  
 Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport ;  
 And as the Earth, our Land produced  
 Iron and Steel which should to tear our selves be  
 ( used.  
 Our Strength within it self did break,  
 Like Thundering-Cannons Crack,  
 And kill those that were nere ;  
 While the Enemies secur'd and untouch't were.  
 But now our Trumpets thou hast made to sound  
 Against our Enemies Walls in Foraign-ground,  
 And yet no Eccho back on us returning found.  
*England* is now the happy peaceful Isle,  
 And all the World the while  
 Is exercising Arms and Wars  
 With forraign or Intestine Jars.  
 The Torch extinguish't here, we lend to others Oyl,  
 We give to all, yet know our selves no fear,  
 We reach the Flame of ruine and of death  
 Where e're we please Our Swords t'untheath.

hilst we in calm and temperate Regions breath.  
 Like to the Sun, whose heat is hurl'd  
 Through every corner of the World ;  
 Whose Flame through all the Air doth go,  
 And yet the Sun himself the while no fire doth know.

Besides the Glories of thy peace  
 Are not in number, nor in value less;  
 Thy hand did Cure and close the Scars  
 Of our bloody Civil Wars;  
 Not only Lanc'd, but heal'd the Wound ;  
 Made us again, as healthy and as sound.  
 When now the Ship was well nigh lost  
 After the Storm upon the Coast,  
 By its Mariners endanger'd most ;  
 When they their Ropes and Helms had left,  
 When the Planks asunder cleft,  
 And Floods came roaring in with mighty sound ;  
 Thou a safe Land, and Harbour for us found,  
 And savedst those that would themselves have drown'd.  
 A work which none but Heaven and thee could do,  
 Thou mad'st us happy where we would or no :  
 Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,  
 As if those Vertues only in thy mind had seat.  
 Thy Piety not only in the Field but Peace,  
 When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least.  
 Thy Temples not like *Janu's* only were  
 Open in time of VVar :  
 VVhen thou hadst greater cause of fear  
 Religion and the Awe of Heaven possest,  
 All places and all times alike, thy Breast,



Nor didst thou only for thy Age provide;  
 But for the years to come beside,  
 Our after-times, and late posterity  
 Shall pay unto thy Fame, as much as we;  
 They too, are made by thee.  
 When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,  
 And when thy Mortal work was done,  
 When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gon:  
 Thou him to bear thy burthen chose,  
 Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss:  
 Nor hadst thou him design'd,  
 Had he not been  
 Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue Kin;  
 Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind.  
 'Tis He shall perfect all thy Cures  
 And, with as fine a Thread, weave out thy Loom.  
 So, One did bring the Chosen people from  
 Their Slavery and Fears,  
 Led them through their Pathless Road,  
 Guided himself by God,  
 He brought them to the Borders: but a Second hand  
 Did settle and Secure them, in the Promis'd Land.

*Richard Cromwell*  
*a Wake-keeping boy*  
*yet compar'd to Joshua*  
*o prophane flatterer!*





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UPON THE LATE  
S T O R M,  
AND  
D E A T H  
Of the Late  
U S U R P E R  
Oliver Cromwel

Ensuing the same.

By Mr. Waller.

**W**E must resign; Heav'n His great Soul do's claim  
In storms as loud, as His *Immortal Fame*;  
His dying *groans*, his last *Breath* shakes our Isle,  
And Trees uncut fall for His *Funeral Pile*,  
About His palace their broad Roots are tost  
Into the Air; So *Romulus* was lost:  
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mis't their King,  
And from *Obeying* fell to *Worshipping*.

On

On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead,  
 With ruin'd *Oaks* and *Pines* about him spread:  
 The *Poplar* too, whose bough he wont to wear  
 On his Victorious Head, lay prostrate there.  
 Those his last fury from the *Mountain* rent,  
 Our dying *Hero*, from the *Continent*,  
 Ravish'd whole *Towns*; and *Forts* from *Spaniards* rest;  
 As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.

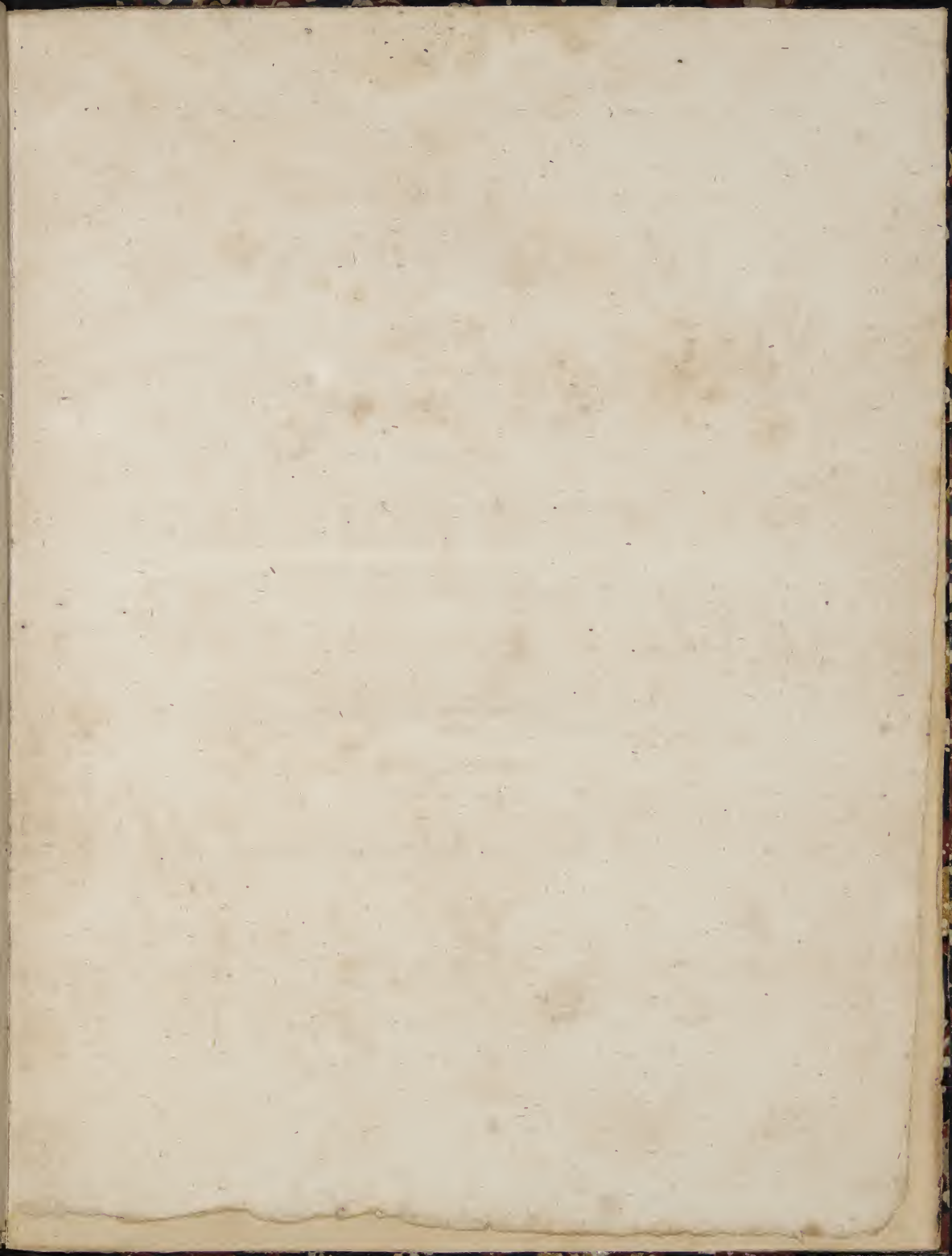
The *Ocean* which so long our hopes confin'd,  
 Could give no limits to His vaster mind;  
 Our Bounds enlargement was his latest toyl;  
 Nor hath he left us *Prisoners* to our *Isle*;  
 Under the *Tropick* is our language spoke,  
 And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our yoke.

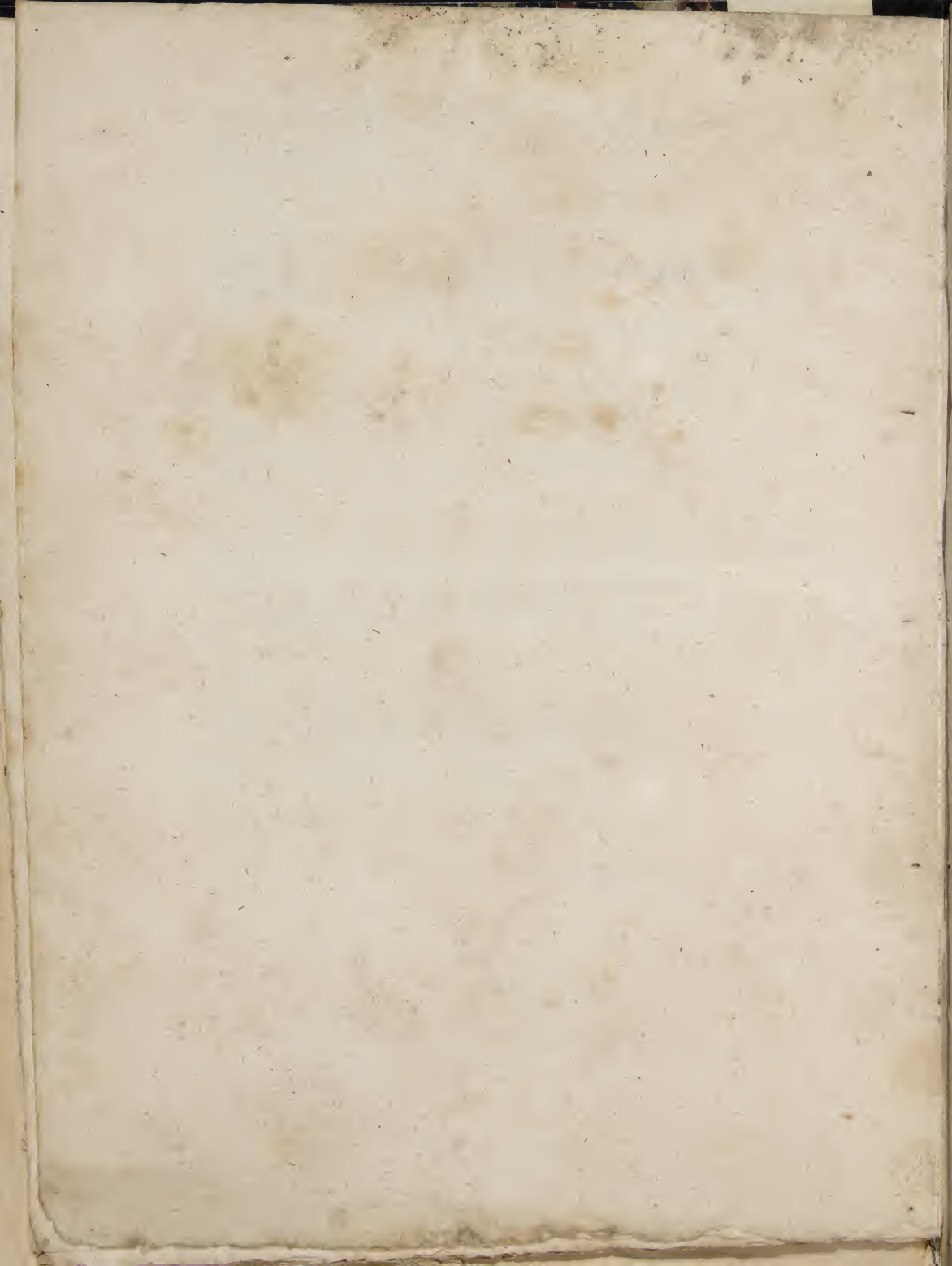
From Civil Broils he did us disingage,  
 Found nobler objects for our Martial rage;  
 And with wise Conduct to his Country show'd  
 Their Ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow  
 To him that gave us Peace and Empire too.  
*Princes* that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to see  
 No pitch of glory from the Grave is free.  
*Nature* her self took notice of his death,  
 And sighing swel'd the Sea with such a breath  
 That to remotest Shores her Billows rold,  
 Th' approaching Fate of her great-Ruler told.

· F I N I S .

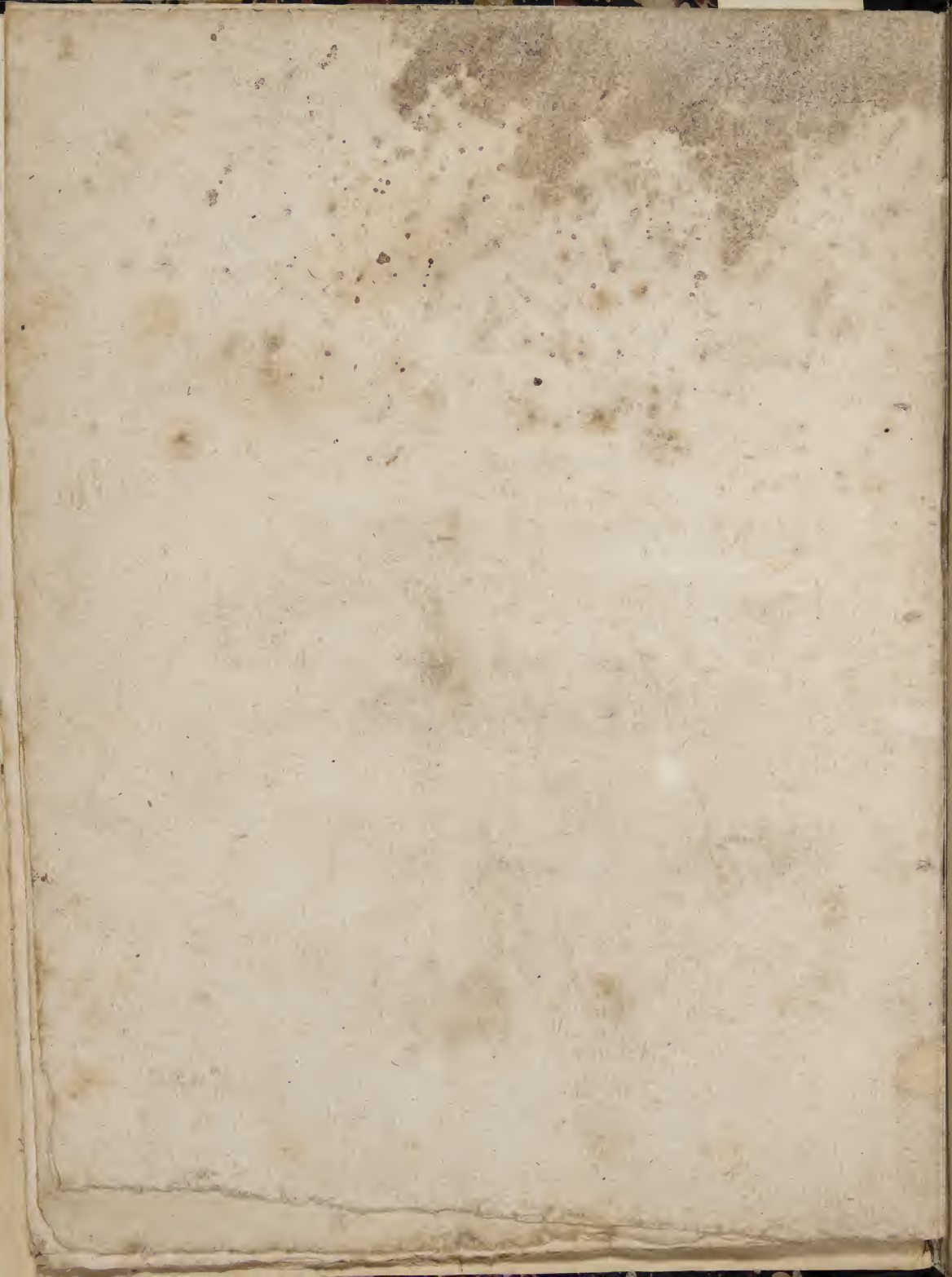




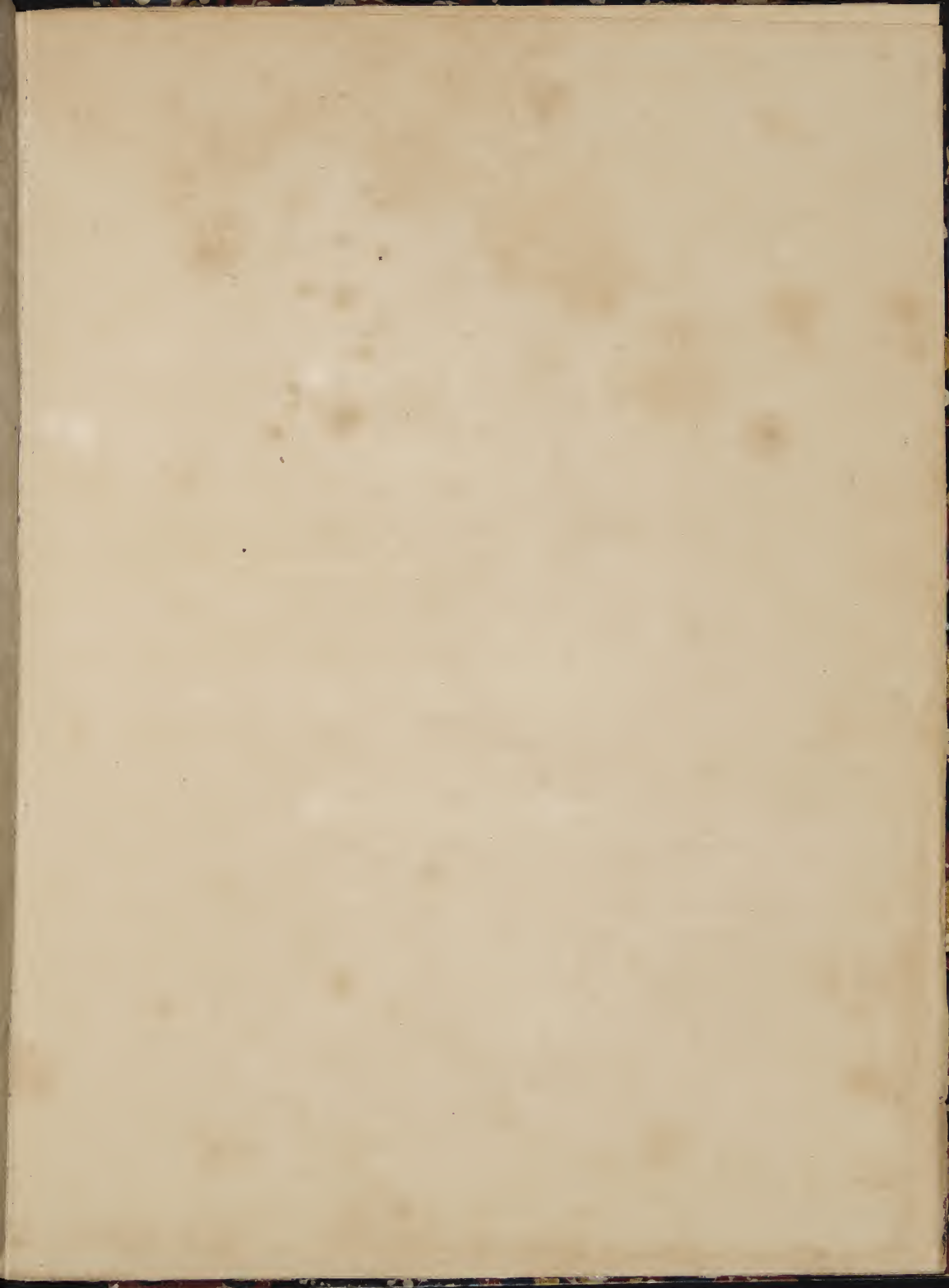












ΦRL:

Rosenbach 7/1/26

List 3/20/26



